1605/72

£50

CEREALIA:

AN IMITATION OF MILTON:

Per Ambages, Deorumque Miniſteria
Præcipitandus eſt liber Spiritus.
Petronius.

LONDON,
Printed for *Thomas Bennet*, at the *Half-Moon* in
St. Paul's Church-yard. 1706.

V8 Cerealia
123

1605/786

BRITISH MUSEUM
30 DEC 72

CEREALIA:

AN

IMITATION

OF

MILTON.

OF Engliſh *Tipple*, and the potent Grain,
Which in the Conclave of Celeſtial Pow'rs
Bred fell Debate, Sing Nymph of heav'nly Stem
Who on the hoary Top of *Pen-main-maur*
MERLIN the Seer didſt viſit, whilſt he ſate
With Aſtrolabe prophetic, to foreſee
Young

Young Actions iſſuing from the Fates *Divan.*
Full of thy Pow'r infus'd by Nappy ALE,
Darkling He watch'd the Planetary Orbs,
In their obſcure Sojourn o'er Heav'ns high Cope.
Nor ceas'd till the gray Dawn with orient Dew
Impearl'd his large Muſtachoes, deep enſconc'd
Beneath his overſhadowing Orb of Hat,
And ample Fence of Elephantin Noſe.
Scornful of keeneſt Polar Winds, or Sleet,
Or Hail, ſent rattling down from wintry Jove.
(Vain Efforts on his ſev'n-fold Mantle, made
Of *Caledonian* Rug, Immortal Woof!)
Such Energy of Soul to raiſe the Song,
Daign, Goddeſs, now to Me nor then withdraw
Thy ſure preſiding Pow'r, but guide my Wing,
Which nobly meditates no vulgar Flight.

NOW from th' Enſanguin'd *Iſter*'s reeking Flood
Tardy with many a Corſe of Boian Knight,
And Gallic deep ingulft, with Barbed Steeds
Promiſcuous, *Fame* to high *Olympus* flew,
Shearing th' Expanſe of Heav'n with active Plume;
Nor ſwifter from *Plinlimon*'s ſteepy Top
The ſtaunch *Gerfaulcon* thro' the Buxom Air

Stoops

Stoops on the Steerage of his Wings, to ſeize
The Quarry, Hern, or Mallard, newly ſprung
From Creek, where bright *Sabrina* rolling forth,
Runs faſt a Naiad thro' Flowry Meads,
To ſpread round *Uriconian*'s Tow'rs, her Streams.
Her Golden Trump the Goddeſs ſounded thrice,
Whoſe ſhrilling Clang reach'd Heav'ns extremeſt
Sphear.
Rouz'd at the Blaſt, the Gods with winged ſpeed
To learn the Tidings came; on radiant Thrones
With fair Memorials, and Impreſſes quaint
Emblazon'd o'er they ſate, deviz'd of old
By *Mulciber*, nor ſmall his Skill I ween.
There *SHE* relates what *CHURCHILL*'s Arm
had wrought,
On *Blenheim*'s bloody Plain. Up *Bacchus* roſe,
By his plump Cheek and Barrel Belly known.
The pliant Tendrils of a Juicy Vine
Around his roſie Brow in Ringlets curl'd;
And in his Hand a Bunch of Grapes he held;
The Enſigns of the God: with ardent Tone
He mov'd, that ſtraight the Nectar Bowl ſhou'd flow,
Devote to *CHURCHILL*'s Health, and o'er all
Heav'n

Uncom-

Uncommon Orgies shall be kept all Eve,
Till all were Sated with immortal Must;
Delicious Tipple, that in heav'nly Veins
Aſſimilated, vigorous ICHOR bred.
Superiour to *Frontiniac*, or *Burdeaux*;
Or old *Falern*, *Campania's* beſt Increaſe;
Or the more Dulcet Juice the happy Iſles
From *Palma*, or *Forteventura* ſend.

Joy fluſh'd on ev'ry Face, and pleaſing Glee
Inward Aſſent diſcover'd, till uprose
CERES, not blithe, for Marks of Latent Woe
Dim on her Viſage Low'r'd: ſuch her Deport
VVhen *Arethuſa* from his Reedy Bed,
Told her how *Dis* young *Proſerpine* had rap'd,
To ſway his Iron Sceptre, and command
In Gloom *Tartareous*, Half his wide Domain.
Then ſighing thus ſhe ſaid——Have I ſo long
Employ'd my various Art t'enrich the Lap
Of Earth All-bearing Mother, and my Lore
Communicated to th' unweeting Hind,
And ſhall not This Preeminence obtain?
Then from beneath her *Tyrian* Veſt ſhe took
The bearded Ears of Grain ſhe moſt Admir'd,

Which Gods call *Crithe*, in Terreſtrial ſpeech
Eycleeped *BARLEY*. To this, ſhe cry'd;
The *Britiſh Cohorts* owe their Martial Fame
And far Redoubted Proweſs, matchleſs Youth!
This, when returning from the foughten Field,
Or *Noric*, or *Iberian*, ſeam'd with Scars,
(Sad Signatures of many a dreadful Gaſh!)
The Veteran, Carowſing ſoon reſtores,
Puiſſance to his Arm, and ſtrings his Nerves!
And as a Snake, when firſt the Roſie Hours
Shed Vernal Sweets o'er ev'ry Vale and Mead,
Rowls tardy from his Cell obſcure, and dank,
But when by Genial Rays of *Summer Sun*
Purg'd of his Slough, he nimbler Thrids the Brake.
Whetting his Sting, his Creſted Head he Rears
Terrific, from each Eye retort he ſhoots
Enſanguin'd Rays, the diſtant Swains admire
His various Neck, and Spires bedropt with Gold.
So at each Glaſs the harraſt Warriour feels
Vigour renate, his horrent Arms he takes,
And Ruſting Fauchion, on whoſe ample Hilt
Long *Victory* ſate dormant: ſoon ſhe ſhakes
Her drowſie Wings, and follows to the War
VVith ſpeed ſuccinct, where ſoon his Martial Port

She [illegible]
On the rough Edge of [illegible]
Wide [illegible]
Fre[illegible]
And Ha[illegible] *Briton* [illegible]
Dauntleſs as Deities exempt from Fate,
Ardent to deck his Brow with Mural Gold,
Or Civic Wreath of Oak, the Victor's Meed.
Such is the Pow'r of *ALE*, with [illegible]
While dangling Bunches court his thirſting Lips.
Sullen he ſits, and ſighing oft Extols
The Beverage they Quaff, whoſe happy *Soil*
Prolific *Davus* laves, or *Trenta's* Urn
Adorns with waving *Critha*, (joyous Scenes
Of vegetable Gold!) Secure they dwell,
Nor feel th' Eternal Snows that Cloath their Cliffs:
Nor curſe th' inclement Air, whoſe horrid Face
Scowls like that Arctic Heav'n, that drizzling ſheds
Perpetual Winter on the frozen Skirts
Of *Scandinavia*, and the *Baltic* Main,
Where the young Tempeſts firſt are taught to roar.
Snug in their Straw-built Hutts, or darkling
Earth'd
In Cavern'd Rock they live (ſmall need of Art

To

To form ſpruce Architrave, or Cornice quaint
On *Parian* Marble with *Corinthian* Grace
Prepar'd) there on well-fuel'd Hearth they Chat,
Whilſt black Pots walk the Round with laughing *ALE*
Surcharg'd; or Brew'd in Planetary Hour,
When *March* weigh'd Night and Day in equal Scale:
Or in *October* Tunn'd, and Mellow grown
With ſev'n Revolvng Suns, the Racy Juice
Strong with delicious Flavour, ſtrikes the Senſe!
Nor wants on vaſt Circumference of Board,

Of *Arthur*'s imitative, large Surloin
Of Ox, or Virgin-Heifer, wont to Browſe
The Meads of *Longovicum* (fatt'ning Soil!
Replete with Clover-Graſs, and foodful Shrub.)
Planted with Sprigs of Roſemary it ſtands,
Meet *Paragon* (as far as Great with Small
May correſpond) for ſome *Panchaan* Hill,
Imbrown'd with ſult'ry Skies, Thin ſet with Palm,
And Olive rarely interſpers'd, whoſe Shade
Skreens hoſpitably from the Tropic Crab
The Quiver'd *Arabs* vagrant Clan, that waits

Inſidious ſome rich Caravan, which Fares
To *Mecca*, with *Barbaric* Gold full fraught.

Thus *Britain*'s Hardy Sons, of Ruſtic Mould,
Patient of Arms, ſtill Quaſh th' Aſpiring *Gaul*,
Bleſt by my Boon: which when they ſlightly Prize,
Shou'd they with high Defence of Triple Braſs
Wide-circling, live immur'd (as erſt was try'd
By *BACON*'s Charms on which the ſick'ning Moon
Look'd Wan, and Cheerleſs Mew'd her Creſcent Horns
Whilſt *Demogorgon* hear'd his ſtern Beheſt)
Thrice the prevailing Pow'r of *GALLIA*'s Arms,
Shou'd there reſiſtleſs Ravage, as of Old
Great *Pharamond*, the Founder of her Fame,
Was wont, when firſt his Marſhal'd Peerage paſs'd
The Subject *Rhene*. What, tho' *Britannia* Boaſts
Her ſelf a World, with Ocean Circumfus'd?
'Tis *ALE* that warms her Sons 't aſſert her Claim,
And with full Volley makes her Naval Tubes
Thunder diſaſtrous Doom t' opponent Pow'rs!

Nor potent only to enkindle *Mars*,
And Fire with Knightly Prowe ſs Recreant Souls:
It Science can Encourage, and Excite

The Mind to Ditties blithe, and charming Song.
Thou, *Pallas*, to my Speech juſt Witneſs bear:
How oft haſt thou thy Votaries beheld
At *Crambo* merry met, and Hymning ſhrill
With Voice Harmonic each, whilſt others Friſk
In Mazy Dance, or *Ceſtrian* Gambols ſhew,
Elate with mighty Joy, when to the Brim
Critheian Nectar Crown'd the Lordly Bowl.
(Equal to *Neſtor's* pondrous Cup, which ask'd
A Heroe's Arm to mount it on the Board,
E'er he th' Embattail'd *Pylians* led, to Quell
The Prime of *Dardan* Youth in Hoſting dire.)
Or if, with Front unbleſt, came Tow'ring in
PROCTOR Armipotent, in ſtern Deport
Reſembling Turban'd *Turk*, when high he wields
His *Scimeter* with huge Two-handed Sway.
Alarm'd with threat'ning Accent, harſher far
Than that ill-omen'd Sound the Bird of Night
With Beak uncomely bent, from Dodder'd Oak
Screams out, the ſick Man's Trump of doleful Doom:
Thy jocund Sons Confront the horrid Van,
That Crowds his *Gonfalon* of ſev'n-foot Size:
And with their Ruby'd Faces ſtand the Foe;

VVhilſt

Whilſt they of ſober Guiſe contrive Retreat,
And run with Ears erect; as the tall Stag
Unharbour'd by the Wood-Man quits his Layre,
And flies the Yerning Pack which cloſe purſue
So they not Bowſie dread th' approaching Foe:
They Run, they Fly, till flying on Obſcure,
Night-founder'd in Town-Ditches ſtagnant Gurge,
SOPH Rowls on *SOPH* Promiſcuous--Caps a loof
Quadrate and Circular confuſ'dly fly,
The Sport of fierce *Norwegian* Tempeſts, toſt
By *Thraſcias* Coadjutant, and the Roar
Of loud *Euroclydon's* tumultuous Guſts.

She ſaid, the *Sire* of Gods and Men Supreme,
With Aſpect blind Attentive Audience gave,
Then Nodded Awful: from his ſhaken Locks
Ambroſial Fragrance flew: the Signal giv'n
By *Ganymede* the Skinker ſoon was Ken'd;
VVith *ALE* He Heav'ns Capacious Goblet Crown'd,
To *Phrygian* Mood *Apollo* Tun'd his Lyre,
The Muſes Sang alternate, all Carows'd,
But *Bacchus* murm'ring left th' Aſſembl'd Pow'rs.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAGE 3. Line 4. r. *the Flow'ry*; p. 4. l. 2. r. *Stated*; ibid. l. 13. for *His*, r. *Her*; p. 6. l. 13. for *on* r. *or*.